The MEDICAL MISSIONARY

Grotto at the Medical Mission House

Vol. V. February, 1932. No. 5.

THE SOCIETY AT HOME

TWO years in succession, we were able to send out a band of missionaries to India in January. This year we have to wait till later. Sister Ann, who graduated in Pharmacy in George Washington University, D. C., last spring, left recently for England, to help for the present in the development of our house there.

Novena for Vocations

In our two missions in India, with the increase of work, we need an increase of staff and as we set out to bring medical aid as a work of Christian charity to the people, especially the women of the Orient, we cannot be satisfied to have to turn down request after request from mission bishops to undertake hospitals and dispensaries. We have no schools or hospitals to draw vocations from, therefore, humanly speaking, the chances of our rapid increase are small. Perhaps it is just as good, for in that way, we have to rely entirely on the method recommended by Our Lord: "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest, to send laborers into His harvest." For this reason we decided to make a novena to Our Lady of Lourdes and to invite our Readers, the Sisters and Nurses in hospitals and the members of the Senior Units of the Students' Mission Crusade and other high schools and anybody else who wishes, to join us. So far we have received great encouragement. Rev. Father Mathis, C.S.C., who helped us to start our Society and who is our ecclesiastical Superior, kindly offered to make it possible to have a High Mass every day during the novena (from February 2 to February 11) in our chapel.

Pilgrimage to Lourdes and the Eucharistic Congress

A generous client of Our Lady, in order to increase interest in this novena and also as a token of appreciation for the prayers said for our intention, offered a free ticket to the Eucharistic Congress in Dublin and to Lourdes to *one* among those making the novena.

May we ask all those who make the novena and who are interested in the pilgrimage to send us the name and address with a statement that they made the novena, by *February 20*. From among the names sent in, *one* will be taken and the ticket given for the pilgrimage.

The novena consists:

(1) In saying the prayer for vocations given on this page every day of the novena—from February 2 to February 11, or if that is not convenient, a decade of the Rosary for the intention of vocations for our Society.

(2) In offering up Holy Communion once during the novena for our intention.

As we are anxious to have many join us in our prayer, we shall gladly send copies of a leaflet which contains the prayer and all information, if you should wish to give them to friends. Address: The Medical Mission House, Brookland, Washington, D. C.

EARLY RESPONSE TO OUR APPEAL

We already received by return mail promises to make the novena. One Ursuline Sister writes: ". . . I am rejoiced at the thought of this organized force of prayer to win souls for our Captain Christ. . . ."

Words of Cardinal Van Rossum to our Society:

"The example of our divine Redeemer Who united Himself preaching with healing the sick and the word He spoke to the Apostles when he sent them forth preaching: Curate infirmos qui apud illos sunt, show clearly how necessary is your contribution to the great work of extending the Reign of Christ on earth.

"I am really satisfied with the development your providential initiative has taken, and I hope that this progress will continue always more: *the needs in this regard are immensely above the help of which we dispose.* Your work will excite many young people to follow your example and to devote themselves to this apostolate."

NOVENA PRAYER FOR VOCATIONS

Our Lady of Lourdes, we earnestly beseech thee to intercede with thy Divine Son for an increase of devoted servants, who renouncing the world to embrace a life of poverty, chastity and obedience will spend themselves in the service of the sick and suffering as Medical Missionaries, unto the greater glory of God, their own sanctification and the salvation of souls in pagan countries.

Our Lady of Lourdes, pray for us!
St. Joseph, pray for us!

Imprimatur,
✠ MICHAEL J. CURLEY,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

MEANDERINGS OF A MISSIONARY

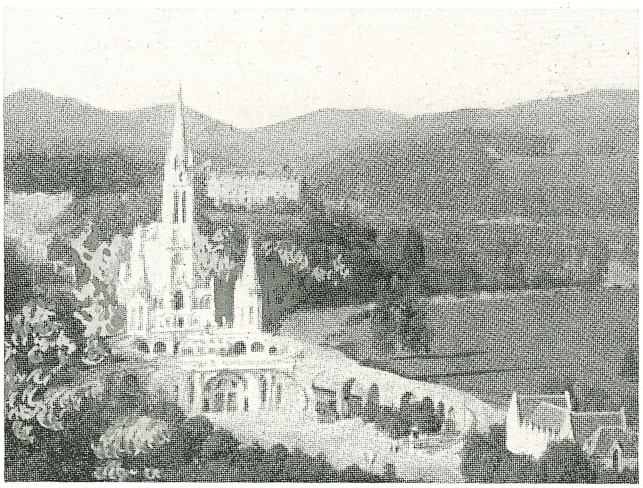
LOURDES

LAST year, it was my good fortune to be entrusted with a little task to be accomplished in Lourdes and to be given the wherewith to make a pilgrimage to the greatest shrine of Our Lady in the world. I arrived there at the end of August. The weather was pleasant and the setting of the city very pretty. The green fields, the winding river Gave and the round-topped Pyrenees make a picturesque frame for the all-important spot in Lourdes: the Grotto. There stands the statue of the Immaculate Conception in the exact place where our Lady appeared to a little shepherdess of fourteen.

My first visit was to the Grotto. It is a solemn moment when one first faces the statue in the rock and reviews in one's mind the apparitions as they were described by Bernadette.

Apparitions

"The Lady," said the little peasant girl, "seemed sixteen or seventeen years old, was dressed in white, had a blue girdle, a white veil, and a golden rose on both of her bare feet. In her left hand she held a rosary of white beads linked by a chain of the brightest gold."



THE BASILICA OF LOURDES

At the third apparition, Our Lady asked Bernadette to come for two weeks and told her that she did not promise her happiness in this world, but in the next. At the fifth apparition she taught her a private prayer and at the sixth, she said: "Pray for sinners." At the eighth, she repeated "penance, penance, penance," and at the ninth, she directed her to go to the fountain and wash there and at the tenth, to kiss the ground for sinners. At the eleventh she said: "Tell the priests that a chapel should be built here" and at the fourteenth: "Go and tell the priests to have a chapel built here and to come in procession." At the sixteenth apparition Bernadette asked three times for the name of the Lady. Finally the answer came: *"I am the Immaculate Conception."* At the seventeenth apparition Bernadette held a burning candle in her hand; the flame reached the skin but did not even scorch it during the time of the ecstasy. The eighteenth and last apparition occurred on July 16, 1858, the feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. This time, Bernadette said, Our Lady appeared more beautiful than ever. In later life, she could never understand how artists could make such caricatures of her.

Around the Grotto

The lights of numberless candles were flickering before the Grotto, bouquets adorned the rock and hundreds of eyes were fixed on the statue. One could not help but wonder what thoughts and petitions were in the hearts and minds of the pilgrims, the majority of them simple, good folk.

In the afternoon, after a visit to the basilica, I watched the sick being wheeled to the open space in front of it. What a harrowing procession even to one who is accustomed to see suffering. What faces of agony, palor, twitchings and ulceration, what limbs twisted, atrophied, shortened and paralyzed! What disease hidden to those standing by. What hope must be raised in the hearts of them all, at the moment when the Blessed Sacrament is lifted in Benediction over each and every one of them individually.

The procession of the Blessed Sacrament and the torch light procession in the evening are magnificent responses to the wish expressed by Our Lady to come to the Grotto in procession.

As there were three large pilgrimages besides several smaller ones and many individual pilgrims in Lourdes at the time of my stay, the torch light procession was a very impressive act of mass devotion to Our Lady. Thousands of pilgrims wound their way up and down the stairs and along the big square in front of the basilica. The torches seemed so many twinkling stars and the refrain, Ave, Ave Maria, from thousands of enthusiastic singers was solemnized by the volume added by the numerous amplifiers.

In the morning after Mass and Holy Communion at the Grotto, I followed the example of many others and drank water from the miraculous spring and some time later witnessed a most impressive sight. Many sick were in their wheel chairs outside the baths and a priest of the pilgrimage prayed aloud with outstretched arms and invoked the help of heaven with such vehement prayers and the sick and the people around repeated the invocations with so much fervor, that I at least, felt that at any moment one of the sick

might jump up cured. I never heard such prayer before. There was no miracle, however, that morning.

I had the privilege of an audience with the bishop of Lourdes, his Excellency, Monsignor Gerlier, and I also met the Vicar General, who is a great linguist. It is he who makes all the arrangements for the pilgrimages which come from many lands. He took me personally to the Medical Bureau with which one thousand four hundred and fifty-six doctors are affiliated. He introduced me to the authorities so that I would have the advantage of studying the whole procedure of the Medical examination of the cases. The process is very thorough.

Medical Investigation

For a cure there must be the pronouncement of an organic lesion, such as an ulcer, cancer, fracture, certified by doctors who treated the case previous to cure and healing of this lesion. Every alleged cure is examined when it occurs, and then referred to a second examination a year after. Contact is continued even after this. There must be absence of remedial agencies and medical treatment. Relative instantaneity is also required, that is, the disappearance of tumors, reunion of fractures, etc., must occur within a short time. Absence of convalescence in the sense of immediate restoration of healthy consciousness and tone is another of the requirements. Regaining of weight may take time, but the cure is marked by immediate appetite and healthy assimilation of food.

Other Impressions

Needless to say, I roamed about Lourdes, visited the shops which are brimful of pious objects, statues, medals, rosaries, candles of all sizes and prices. Besides the articles mentioned, I noticed only two specialities for sale: one of these was a most exquisitely soft, warm material made of the hair of the Pyrenese goats and the other was vanilla which venders sell along the Gave bridge.

Description of everything in Lourdes can be read in books written in profusion; as every pilgrim however goes there with a different attitude and leaves it with a different reaction, the subject is by no means exhausted.

May I tell you what of all things that I saw, heard and read during my four days' stay in Lourdes struck me the most? It was a little paragraph of a short biography in a cheap guide book of Lourdes. In it, it said, that Bernadette, as a girl of thirteen, spent some months with her foster mother to make herself useful minding sheep. When out with her flock she frequently recited the rosary which she had learned to love from the mother of her foster mother. **THIS OLD LADY RECITED THE ROSARY TWENTY-FIVE TIMES A DAY UNTIL SHE DIED AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY-EIGHT.**

One may ask: why did our Lady choose to appear in Lourdes and show her compassion and mercy there through so many miracles of body and soul? Well, nobody can answer the question, but where in the world are there ladies young or old who say twenty-five rosaries a day and make others love it, too?

A. D.

CATHOLICISM IS BEST FOUNDATION FOR NEW INDIA

A non-Catholic writer from Dacca, Bengal, wrote some time ago in *Young Men of India:*

"One of the greatest needs of India, indeed of the human heart throughout the world is for some coherent and orderly plan or map of the good life which it can follow. It is not enough for a religion to present a lofty moral ideal; it must offer concrete means for its attainment. It must tell the young aspirant not only what he is to believe but also what he is to do and why.

"The form of Christianity which does not present a clear theory of Christian Sadhana—discipline—will be of no value in India today. But it is precisely this aspect of religion with which Catholicism is qualified to deal.

"Its practice of confession has given it an unrivaled knowledge of psychology. Its moral scheme is without doubt the most perfect in the world. To men groping in darkness of ethical experiment, the Church offers an heroic ideal which challenges all their powers and a scheme, a method, which it knows by long experience will not fail to lead them to their goal."

COOPERATION OF MISSIONARIES WITH CIVIL AUTHORITIES IN THE ANTI-OPIUM CAMPAIGN IN CHINA

The Apostolic Delegate to China, Archbishop Constantini, said that "it is our duty to second the efforts of the civil authorities by carrying on the work of instruction and persuasion, in a word, by giving our collaboration as far as we are able to the Chinese National Anti-Opium Association."

According to instruction from the Holy See, Catholics who are addicted to the vice or who cultivate the poppy or sell opium or similar drugs are to be refused the Sacraments and Catechumen are not allowed to be baptized. Although the cultivation of the poppy and the traffic of opium are not per se illicit, he points out that in China, owing to the deadly evils which follow such practices, they become formally illicit. The Apostolic Delegate says that there is not much hope in regard to the older generation, because they are already morally and physically poisoned, but "we should endeavor with unwearying charity to save the new generation."

The International Anti-Opium Association estimated the production of opium in China at twenty-three million English pounds, that is, more than twelve times the production of the rest of the world, including India.

NEWS FROM OUR MISSIONARIES

RAWALPINDI

SISTER MARGARET MARY writes:

Our cook has gone to Goa for the celebration in honor of St. Francis Xavier. Our little masalchi, John, about fourteen, is cooking and breaking all records, putting the Goan cook in the shade. His smile alone is worth a lot. . . .

In our European ward, we have a little boy of five just now who has eczema. He is a Catholic and has only learned to make the sign of the Cross since he is here. The other night at Benediction he asked every few minutes if he could make the sign now. . . .

In the hospital we have the usual ups and downs. If a patient dies, we have a quiet time for a day or two, because some patients always leave then, being afraid that they will die also. However, very few patients die in the hospital, as the relatives take them home when they think that they are going to die. Sometimes this is connected with great hardships for the patient, as they have no comfortable ambulances at their disposal as we have at home. Some classes of hindus have a law that they must be born on the floor and die on the floor.

DACCA

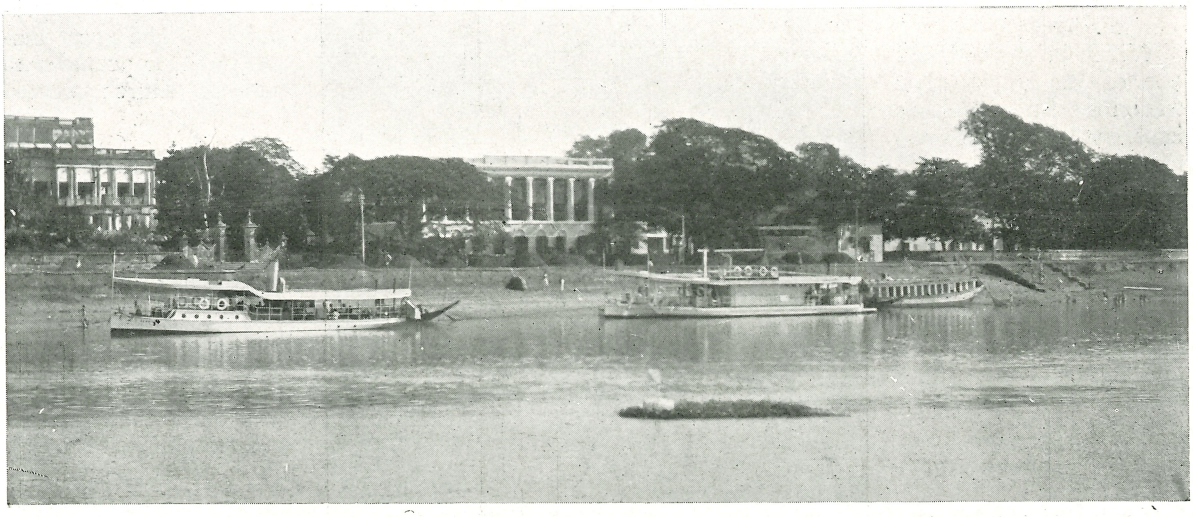
Sister M. Frances writes:

I do not feel quite as lost down here as I did at first. Perhaps after six months, I shall know the highways and byways of Dacca. It seemed like a Chinese puzzle first. . . .

If you could invent something to make all the Indian babies white, you would be very popular. The mothers ask us for powder to put on the babies' faces to make them white. We tell them that it is not nice, but they are not at all convinced. . . .

Sister Mary Laetitia writes:

The Midford Hospital, where we are now, has not seven hundred beds. It has not four hundred. I have not found out how many actual beds it has. I am going to count them some day and then count the patients in beds and on the floor. People in India are not overscrupulous about accuracy. . . . We need more Sisters; one for night duty, one for the surgical block, one for the women's and maternity ward, and one for the eye block. Just four more and we would not be too badly off. So keep that in mind, please.



MIDFORD HOSPITAL, DACCA

Sister M. Helen writes:

We are comfortable in our new surroundings. It is remaining very warm this year. The few months of cold weather here are very hard on the poor who live in bamboo houses and have only a few rags for clothing. We try to give them cotton flannel for the babies in very poor homes, as the babies usually have colds and often develop pneumonia.

We are in a very crowded section of the city, but our quarters are quite a distance from the street, so we escape much noise. Our verandah overlooks the river. The scenery is very nice, especially at sunset. It is amusing to watch the boatmen. They use one oar and rock the boat from side to side like a cradle. From experience I found it to be worse than the Atlantic on a stormy day.

FROM THE TOP TO THE BOTTOM OF INDIA

By JOANNA LYONS, *M. D.*

A JOURNEY from the top of India, that is, the northern extremity, to where the tip of the "sub-continent" approaches Ceylon, is like going from one country to another, in many respects. One hears occasionally a pleasant and optimistic legend to the effect that if one speaks Urdu, one can be understood in any part of India. If one will substitute the word "English" for Urdu, it will be much nearer the truth.

I recently had to make a journey from Pindi to the Malabar coast. It was made very rapidly, American style, so I can write light-heartedly and confidently about what I saw, like any tourist, not being burdened with too much knowledge or experience of that of which I write.

Which brings to mind one of the stories they tell on the Americans out here, which runneth thus: An American tourist is sitting in the lobby of a hotel in Agra. Somebody says to him, "What do you think of Agra?" "Agra?" he exclaims, "Isn't this the fifteenth of March?" "Yes, that is the date." "Then," says the American consulting his notebook, "This isn't Agra; this is Cairo."

To begin with the journey at the beginning. You leave Rawalpindi in the afternoon and the next morning find yourself in Delhi. A real tourist would disembark here for much sightseeing. Delhi is a place that deservedly occupies a large space in the guide books. Perhaps no city exhibits better the ancient and complex history of India. It is somewhat central, but was frequently an objective for the natives from the northwest, on account of its riches. These adventures resulted in its being more or less destroyed a number of times and then rebuilt. The latest development is that of New Delhi, a group of stately buildings to house the administrative offices of the capital of India. They are in design and extent in modern style and are set in a new section that is planned and boulevarded.

In the evening there is a mail train that takes you in one great rush of 48 hours from Delhi to Madras. Indian trains are much lighter in construction than American and when they go fast, as the great trunkline trains certainly do, one gets so knocked about that the motion wakes one up at night. Indian railways are very excellent, the trains are usually on time, they are comfortable, after one gets used to the arrangements, they are probably as clean as the rather strange habits of the traveling public allow them to be.

CATHOLIC GIRLS FROM THE SOUTH

However, I did not go straight to Madras, as Sunday intervened and I alighted at a biggish city about half way down, where the principal church was easily found. There were many Masses and all had large congregations. The great majority of the people who came to church seemed to be Goans. A Goan who is not a Catholic is as rare as a white blackbird. After a few years in the north of India one almost forgets what it is to see a church filled and refilled several times on a Sunday morning, but the farther south one goes, apparently, the more one sees the church on an established footing.

Let us digress while I tell you a story about St. Joseph, which I heard in this place. A certain zealous missionary there had a dream of building a school for boys and with this end in view he toiled and begged for the means to realize it, until he had accumulated fifty thousand rupees. With this and the plan for the proposed building, he went to the bishop, asking permission to begin. But the bishop, while approving the project, said that he could not allow a beginning to be made unless the Father had in hand eighty thousand rupees. This was indeed a setback, for according to the experience of the past, it meant a matter of years to gather the next thirty thousand rupees. So in this reverse, he betook himself to the altar of St. Joseph and said: "Look here, St. Joseph, I must have thirty thousand rupees to go on with this work," or words amounting to that. St. Joseph said nothing, but he must have listened very well, for that very day the priest received word that he had won, in some sort of drawing, a prize of thirty thousand rupees. He lost no time, but returned to the bishop the same afternoon with the required sum and

came away with the permission to begin. I saw the school, now nearing completion but already being used and the good Father, who himself gave the account of St. Joseph rising so promptly to the occasion. The world is full of stories of St. Joseph, some very quaint, but in the missions, and especially for missionary sisters, he is the universal procurator and helper.

As one goes from the north to the south of India, not only does the landscape change, tropical plants and trees becoming more of a distinctive feature, but the people change also. They are darker, shorter and of a lighter build. The brawny Mohammedan of the north of six feet or more, broad and solid, vanishes from the scene along with the slim, long-haired and be-whiskered Sikh of the Punjab. Clothes become less voluminous and assume gayer hues. The language changes also, first to Hindustani, which is understandable to the Urdu-speaking person, then to Tamil, which is quite foreign. As the red fez of the Mussulman becomes scarcer, so the white caps of the followers of Gandhi increase in frequency.

It was late in the evening when we reached Madras. In fifteen minutes I was in another train and off for the night's journey across the peninsula to Ernakulam, which is situated upon one of the best harbors of the west coast.

Now we are in tropical surroundings. Ernakulam is about ten degrees above the equator; moisture abounds and the result is a very well-wooded and rich countryside. All the productions one is accustomed to think of as Oriental and tropical are to be found here. Cocoanuts, mangoes, bananas, coffee, tea, rice, pepper, tapioca and other well-known inhabitants of the pantry are commonplace here. Rubber plantations are much in evidence. Teakwood, which we so much esteem, is used here for rafters and staircases and such.

During the last lap of the journey, a very hot afternoon, I shared the compartment with a Brahmin, his wife and young doughter and two well-to-do Mohammedans. The Brahmin was an intelligent-looking man and looked as if he might be a lawyer or a journalist. He tried to engage one of the Mohammedans in a political discussion, but the Mohammedan was not having any. (This is the English equivalent of "He turned him down cold.") Silence more or less reigned until the Mussulman, having sprinkled himself with perfume, descended with his companion and his belongings at the station. Then the wife and the daughter proceeded to go to sleep and the Brahman began conversation that was interesting enough. He had been educated by the French Jesuits at Trichinopoly and his daughter by the Catholic Sisters in Madras. Looking at the thing from the missionary point of view, they belong to a rather large and very interesting class of people in India. The type of well-to-do middle class and upper class pagans who have been educated for many years in excellent Catholic schools and colleges. So far as the staff of the institution is concerned, they have during this time been under Catholic influence for a goodly number of years. In some cases, they of their own accord have taken a share in classes of Christian doctrine. The surprising thing is that they depart from the Catholic institution of learning and take their places in their pagan surroundings seemingly no nearer the Faith than those who know practically nothing of its texts or of the lives led by good Catholics. The conversion of one of these upper class and well-to-do pagans or Mohammedans is a rare event. Doubtless there is a process at work the results of which will be seen, perhaps in generations to come. Perhaps some are held back from declaring and following the convictions of their hearts by fear of losing all they would possess, but others are undoubtedly examples of the fact that the gift of Faith is separate from and does not necessarily follow upon a knowledge of the teachings of the Church. The same remarks of course apply to the same class of people who come to mission hospitals.

But to return to the Brahmin. He spoke of the men working in the rice fields which we were passing, how they worked hard for four or five cents a day; living sparingly, as one may suppose, and had no one who cared for their welfare except Gandhi. He lamented the good days past when the landowners spent their days in praying and giving their substance for the poor while now they go away to cities to enjoy themselves and care only for the money that comes out of their land.

Evening brought us to Ernakulam and the sea. The coast line is beautiful with the backwaters of the ocean coming in among the palms. It is situated on the famous Malabar coast. This west coast of India is the greatest stronghold of Catholicity in India. There are two rites here, the Syrian, whose members date their Catholicity to the preaching of the Apostle St. Thomas and the Latin, comprising those whose ancestors were converted by St. Francis Xavier. The first use a modified form of the Syro-Chaldean rite; they wear the same vestments as the priests of the Latin rite and except for the languages, there is no marked difference observed in the celebration of the Mass from the Latin Rite.

There are in the Archdiocese of Ernakulam close to 200 priests; practically all of these, and their Archbishop are Indians. Of the nearly 300 religious women perhaps a dozen are Europeans. Most of these are Carmelites of the third order, occupied chiefly in teaching, but in a nearby diocese are cloistered Carmelites. Here in Ernakulam there are Poor Clares, and not far away Sisters of Adoration. So you see what people mean when they say that in this part of India Christianity is at home as it surely ought to be after nineteen centuries. Nor is it a passive Christianity. There is a very active movement for the propagation of the faith here and the result is a yearly average of 3,000 converts in this Archdiocese of Ernakulam.

There is one quaint detail about the taking in of new members of the Church. These converts are mostly from among a very low caste of Hindus called Pulagos, probably these are the people whom the Brahmin pointed out as working in the fields for a nickel a day. Five cents a day does not leave much surplus for clothing and these poor folks both men and women go about wrapped in a single rather scanty strip of cloth, with nothing on above the waist unless it be some metal ornament. At the time of baptism the women at least receive an outfit consisting of a little jacket, a new piece of cloth for their skirt-like wrapper and a short veil. This outfit costs about one dollar. Even at a distance one can distinguish the Catholic women of this class by their wearing the little jacket.

The purpose of this long journey to the South was to see a new hospital that is being built near Ernakulam and which the authorities of the Archdiocese would be glad to have taken over by the Sisters.

It would be a good field for medical service to a large body of very needy people as well as an opportunity to work in a district where conversions are very plentiful. If this should come to pass the Society will have superimposed its triangle upon the triangle of India, North: Rawalpindi, East: Dacca, Southwest: Ernakulam.

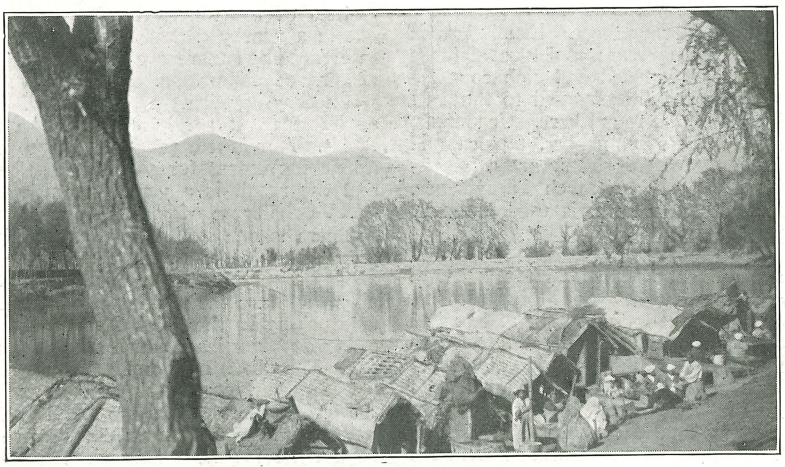
We have available there a building, a cordial invitation and we hope the grace of God. There is only needed more members in the Society and some money. Please help us to pray for these.

USE AND ABUSE OF OPIUM

By Dr. Anna Dengel

IN INDIA, the taking of opium is not a disgrace; it is viewed in the same light as smoking, chewing gum or indulging in anything similar. It is sold in the bazaar in any quantity demanded, but the prize makes it rather a luxury. In small quantities it gives the people a comfortable feeling and does them apparently no harm. Tolerance is easily established. In the dispensary, however, one frequently realizes that physical sluggishness results from the habitual taking of the drug. Loss of appetite and digestive disturbances can often be traced back to it. Only rarely, however, according to my experience at least, is one directly called upon to treat the effects of taking opium.

I remember one case very clearly; it was in Kashmir during my vacation. A well-to-do gentleman asked me to see his wife. He offered to send me a pony but I told him that if I had a guide, I would rather walk. He promptly sent two men to show me the way. Going along the beautiful poplar lined road we chatted pleasantly and after about 20 minutes arrived at a place where we were to cross the river. There was a little Hindu temple at the edge of the water; being always interested in anything connected with the religion of the country, I told my guides that I would like to visit it for a minute. They, however, told me that it was forbidden ground and they would not let me go in. Then we proceeded to step into the ferry boat, which was majestically presided over and guided by a venerable looking old Mohammedan. Whilst we were crossing the blue waters of the river Jumna, I learned that this ferry was a gift of devout Mohammedans in memory of a prophet. There was no charge. As the greater number of people in that part are poor, I thought that this was really a very practical charity. A short walk brought us to the house of the patient. Her husband and about 20 male relatives awaited me in the muddy courtyard and all came with me to the upper story of the house where the woman was. She squatted in a corner in an absolutely empty room. She was well built, but was sallow and very much wrinkled, although she was only about 35 or 40 years old. I asked all the satellites to depart, barring the husband.. He, however said it would be better if the son remained instead of him as she would be less timid. So the son acted as cicerone and told me that the trouble was that the mother took so much opium. There was nothing to do but to tell her of the bad effects of the drug and to advise her to give it up by degrees at least and to prescribe something to lessen the withdrawal symptoms. After she had promised that she would give it up, if not at once, at least slowly, and having carried on a little conversation such as it was possible through the interpreter, I went downstairs again and found the delegation who had met me at the arrival still assembled to hear the verdict and show their appreciation. A pony was ready for my companions and me and a little procession of boys was lined up, each carrying some gift, one a tray full of sugar, another almonds, and a third one held a live cock in his two hands. They followed us to the mission house where I stayed and where the gifts were gladly received by the cook. I heard a year later, that the woman kept her word and gave up taking opium by degrees and that her health was much improved.



RIVER SCENE IN KASHMIR

Another time, I had an amusing experience about opium. I was in a village to visit a patient. Her father in law, a dignified and wealthy old Mohammedan, whose beard was dyed with henna and who was *hafiz*—that means that he had been to Mecca—asked me to look at his eyes. He had the typical pinpoint pupils of opium eaters, so it was quite natural to ask him how many grains of it he took every day. He was so surprised at my guess that he attributed some extraordinary knowledge to me.

Opium is both a blessing and a curse. It is one of the most valuable drugs given to us to ease suffering. It induces sleep, lessens irritation due to many causes, facilitates anaesthesia and in severe pain due to fractures, malignant growths, to mention only a few, it has no rival. The unfortunate part is, that the taking of opium and its derivatives easily leads to the formation of a habit. Once it is established, the addict has a craving for the drug. If it is not satisfied, distressing symptoms develop, such as the feeling of unbearable torture, and the inability of carrying on ordinary conversation. Other symptoms may be great restlessness, quick breathing, an unusual and indescribable uneasiness, a sense of incapacity for mental work or enjoyment, abdominal pain, and loss of sleep. The taking of a dose of the drug relieves these symptoms almost immediately. In a *drug addition inquiry* held in India, it was found that most of the withdrawal symptoms are psychic. The good and bad effects of opium are an interesting study; the details of it however are more of interest to those whose work is in medical or allied scientific fields.

Promote Medical Missions by subscribing to "The Medical Missionary." Subscriptions, $1 a year. Address The Medical Missionary, Brookland, Washington, D. C. Subscription abroad, five shillings a year. Address "The Medical Missionary," St. Helen's, Winchcombe, Glo, England.